Rebellion

By: Don't Lose Your Edge

AU - war setting. About: Ryuko hates to be in an affair - to fight for the world's interests in removing the greatest threat to mankind: Revocs. Will Ryuko stop Revocs from completing their world domination with life fibers?

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Introduction
I Want To Runaway
And Never Say Goodbye
I Want To Know The Truth

I Want To Runaway

Foreword:

Hey, thanks for choosing this story since it is my first time posting my fanfiction out for complete strangers to read (except my friends). This meant so much to me as it serves as an encouragement for me to continue writing this fanfiction.

Yes, I will write more in the future, wait till you see.

!Constructive criticism is strongly accepted!

Thanks!

DLYE

16:03, Manza Beach, Okinawa

Explosions had paraded the ruined town for half an hour.

Dirt danced around the wrecked buildings and leftover bricks as the dirt muddied the scenery of the iconic Manza Beach in Okinawa.

Dead bodies piled up the bloody sand.

A fellow soldier shivered as her bestie was shot right in front of her to the head. She came upon her lifeless bestie, murmured her last breath.

"Tell my family that I will be fine… Ryuko…" The coconut haircut girl lied restful on her only friend's arm.

The red streak girl replied hurriedly to make their last conversation in their life, "Mako, you gotta be alright. Hang in there, I will save you," She decided to have a leap of faith into the landmine infested land,

she dashed across the open land and miraculously survived from the blow - thanks to her army uniform.

She found a medic truck far from sight and reached there in time for the truck to leave. She begged the medic to rescue her bestie but the medic could not find any signs of living. He presumed Mako dead on arrival. Ryuko shuddered in tears and screamed out her bestie's name.

The lost of her bestie left her traumatised - not wanting to contribute to the war efforts for Japan.

Two months later

The war has stopped momentarily, soldiers are discharged from the bunk to reunite with their friends and family again.

The bodies of the deceased were brought back from the war to be cremated in a newly built memorial just for the deadly war.

Parents of the soldiers came to the camp where all of the soldiers arrive back to their homeland. Some met with tears of joy and some shed pain.

The family of the Mankanshoukus were met with disbelief - their daughter died.

Their step daughter shook her head in guilt while carrying a sack of survival kits and her bestie's leftover; her friendship bracelet and lunchbox reeks cold croquettes.

Their son broke the cold conversation, "just why would you not protect my sis when you can protect yourself?! Are you selfish or something?!"

Ryuko darts her attention on the ashen ground. Her hands pulsate heavily, noticable from a distance. She would not want to reminisce the death of her bestie because it will trigger her fear of losing a

close one again. She tried to find excuse to blame herself instead of the sniper.

"Mataro, Mr and Mrs Mankanshouku and Guts, I truly apologise for the loss of your dear daughter, sister and friend. It's my fault for her life being napped by me."

Mataro snapped, "so, you are saying that you killed my sis?"

Ryuko made a bold mistake - she took the credit for being the murderer of her bestie. She nodded her head.

She was eventually ramshackle by the remarks of her being so cold-hearted by the family. She walked out of the scene and took a public bus to nowhere.

Six months later

The enemy had invaded the shores of Japan and invaded bits of some islands successfully.

Under the rule of the enemy, the citizens were thrown into concentration camps built in the islands to brainwash their mindset to overthrow the Japanese government and to help fulfil the world domination agenda that the enemy had done in almost all of the world.

Japan was the only country not affected until the enemy raided their islands recently.

The enemy or it is called ***Revocs*** was a conglomerate by the prestigious ***Kiryuin family*** and they had received monarchy status as recently as twenty years ago. Revocs originally started out as a designer clothing brand and it dominated the international market, they decided to accomplish something bigger. The clothing fabric fibers are not just ordinary fibers - those are ***life fibers*** . Those are living things from outer space, planning to dominate the world with the Kiryuin family.

The CEO of Revocs, ***Ragyo Kiryuin*** , initiated the world domination plan and had passed the torch to her only daughter, ***Satsuki Kiryuin*** to do all the strategic invasions in all of the countries.

Satsuki was only fifteen when she first successfully annexed a country. Satsuki had proven worthy as a dictator of her mother's conglomerate soldiers.

Now, Satsuki was eighteen and she had annexed almost every countries except her homeland, Japan. She requested her four friends or as she called "the Elite Four" to do all of the annexation in Japan by provinces.

With the Elite Four on their way to invade Osaka, the Prime Minister of Japan issued a surrender message through public broadcast to the Japanese citizens as he had saw what was coming for his country. He was beyond helpless to protect his country. His army forces are shrinking day by day. He sent the message just as a cover up for their secret weapon from Revocs.

The whole of Japan rely on a secret army force with some life fibers on their side.

Soldiers were called in for the secret army force gathering. Some turned up and some does not. The remaining are to be drag into the gathering against their wills.

The army force's head was once a Revocs employee that had achieved a high position in the conglomerate and knew a lot of secret infomation from the conglomerate. Supposedly, he had a relationship with the CEO of Revocs and had two daughters - one presumed dead and the others was the dictator of the Revocs army force.

The head go by another identity to prevent Revocs from killing him and his third daughter. His third daughter, who was still alive was put under child support for her to stay safe from her father's dangerous

activities. As his daughter grew older, he ran away into isolation in creating a sentient suit for his daughter from her dna.

Recently, as the war came, everyone in Japan, regardless of gender and religion, had to protect Japan. The remaining soldiers from other countries join forces with Japan to help Japan's war effort. Before the armies could roll into action, they have to find the daughter of the secret army head. The name was ***Ryuko Matoi*** .

20:00, An alley in Kabukicho, Shinjuku, Japan

Our final hope was living on the streets for six straight months, she starved to herself in attempt to cut short of her life but thanks to her incredible metabolism, she could live without food for this period of time. She still bore her rugged and rusted army uniform - made out of goretex fabric with a bit of life fibers infused in. She lived in a cardbox shelter and sleep with a army-issued sleeping bag, she stank like an aged cheese. She was devoid of any form of interactions and lived in a constant state of fear, until someone crossed on her mind.

"Hey, are you Matoi Isshin's daughter?" A blue hair hunk in loosely office suit with an aviator sunglass walked up to the faded veteran.

She looked up at the man with a pair of sunken eyes and a deep furrowed frown, she scowled, "what do you want from a dead man's daughter?"

The man blinked his eyes twice, further retreating to a cheeky smirk, "he's not dead, y'know?"

The veteran rubbed her eyes and dug her ears, she rambled, "I'm sorry, I think you got the wrong person. He's dead for like a decade ago and… sorry, I don't recognize him and I'm an orphan for my entire life. I never met my dad and-"

"No need for your intro, Miss Matoi," he cut short of her rambles into oblivious, "by the way I know you stinks a lot so I shall spray some

perfume for you and give you my jacket to cover over your ragged uniform."

"H-h-hhow did you know my surname is Matoi?!" She stammered.

"Your name tag," he pointed at her name tag on her uniform, "and umm… you can't run away by saying that you ain't the daughter of ***Isshin Matoi*** , so come follow me for a treat first."

At first, she was hesitant to follow the mysterious man, she blurted out, "who are you?"

The man stopped dead on his track, he glance at her, replied, "I'm ***Aikuro Mikisugi*** of ***Nudist Beach*** ; the secret army force that the Japanese army forces and many other forces around the world are working with!"

"Oh, so you are the representive of the secret army force…" Ryuko backed away from Aikuro with some ptsd flashbacks of the war, "no thanks, I'm in no good shape to fight the war anymore…"

"Matoi, you know that you are one of the high ranking soldiers in the army? Those soldiers are waiting for you! Even your dad!" Aikuro boast his enthusiasm to the half dead Ryuko.

"Nah, I had no daddy issues so yeah, I can live without him and live in my own bubble-" Ryuko curled herself into a ball to a corner.

Aikuro tried to be sympathise the traumatised veteran so he adjusted his voice to a soothing voice, "I know the war did nasty things to you, but you will get over it."

"Get over it? No, I just can't. There is such a thing called disappearing from your problems, yes, I'm running away from this war as they did it to my friend," she muttered like a madlad, breathing huskily while shivering like a dog on a frozen snow.

Aikuro took deep breaths before reaching out to Ryuko.

Both glanced at each other silently before Aikuro grab ahold of Ryuko's right hand and yank towards his lower abdomen. He drapes his jacket over her battle scarred uniform and spray chypre scented perfume all over her uniform and his draped jacket. He whispered to her ears, "are you old enough to drink?"

Ryuko made contact with Aikuro's eyes and bit her lips, "I don't care about the age restriction thingy, just let me drink. I'm sober and depressed," she buried her face in Aikuro's abs.

"Then, you have to be responsible for your actions," his voice shifts to a serious tone.

At a bar

"Vent as much as you wish, Matoi. I know shit has ruined you mentally and physically, you look severely underweight and malnourished. May I ask how long have you starved yourself?"

"Six months, no joke."

"I can't say that that's an incredible feat you've got but can you tell me more about your background?"

Ryuko chugged a whole bottle of beer and cleared her throat, "welp, I am a delinquent back then, no big of a surprise. I ran errands and even joined a Bōsōzoku, man that was my lowest part of my live. I really regret doing gang shit but this is how I thrive in school life. The boarding school I went did not cared about me and leave me to my vulnerability to bullies, hence I joined some gangs, learn fighting skills from 'em and eventually I fought for myself. I was a loner until I met this girl named Mako Mankanshouku. She was sweet and eccentric, her family was good to me, I live with her family for awhile until this war interrupted my perfect yet happy life. The war took my bestie away and her family left me to rot because I failed to protect her," she quavers and slammed the table.

Aikuro popped the cap of a beer bottle and pour it into his drink glass, "how about your dad? He never told me about you, he just exclusively talks about those life fibers theorem and his secret project everytime. He seemed too insane to talk about with."

Ryuko tried her best to concentrate despite her drinking her second bottle of beer, "he uhh… He's a weirdo, he did not give a shit about me and he left me in a boarding school to rot. I don't have any vivid recollection about this fella who I had to call him as 'dad'."

"How about your mother?"

"She died during my birth, that's what dad told me before I was sent to a boarding school."

Aikuro took a sip of his beer and pour another drop of beer to his glass, "so life basically sucked from the beginning for you, eh?"

"True," Ryuko held back her tears, "I am predestined to live in hell."

"Nevermind, Matoi. Let's get away 'hell' for now and talk about your army life, like how do raise to rank and-" Aikuro stopped his speech bubble and scan the kid's expression.

The kid broke down.

A moment of silence.

Then, something struck in Aikuro's head.

"You won't be left alone there, Ryuko. I bet that you will have a group of new friends there waiting for you," Aikuro said it assuring, "and at the same time, your father called you in for a treat."

22:00, Osaka Prefecture Government Building

An enormous figure emerges from the dark. On her right arm was her white elegantly crafted katana, made entirely with life fibers by

her father - who was long dead in her eyes. The Dictator strolled into the government office with the agenda to find the ***Takarada family*** head: ***Kaneo Takarada*** .

"May I ask where is Mr Takarada?" The Dictator requested politely to the scared office workers ducking under their work table.

"Lady Satsuki, I had to forward this to you that Mr Takarada isn't in the office," one of the Dictator's bodyguard but also one of the Elite Four member named ***Ira Gamagori*** came up to Satsuki, kneeling down to his milady.

The Dictator glanced at the office workers and looked at her henchman, "I see, I guess we shall end our search for him. Call the valet to bring us back to the Kiryuin Manor," she walked away from the office.

Gamagori looked at his saviour and vowed back as she turned her back to him.

00:45, Tomei Expressway, Tokyo

Alcohol smell finally overcome the strong lavender smell that used to reeked the car interior.

On a sapphire car, Aikuro smoked his only pack of Marlbolo Ice Blast. The fire on the cigarette flickers. He set his cigarette free with one hand holding the cigarette while the others steering the wheel. On his left was Ryuko, sleeping soundly for almost the entire four hour drive. The speakers blast lo-fi as it vibrates the interior subtly. The cushioning on the seats are cozy enough to withstand the dreaded long roads.

Occasionally the car would pass by illegal street racings, abandoned houses and trucks with huge containers dashing ahead of the polished car.

Aikuro flicked his last cigarette butt to the road and zoned out on the moving untouched greeneries - noticable by the occasional lightings of vehicles. He felt alone the entire trip until he was startled by a groan from his left.

Ryuko woke up.

"Oh hey, you have awakened…" He greeted her again by her arrival to the real world from her dream.

"God, this nightmare just straight up haunt me…" She slurred as she adjusts herself to the comfy seat.

"What nightmare you had?" Aikuro tried to balance his attention to both the daughter of a prestigious scientist and his car.

"It's a car crash. It's so surreal that I almost felt like I had died in real life, then my violent headache woke me abruptly, it hurts so bad," she sighs, "and ummm…" She fumbles on the dashboard, "you got any meds?"

"Meds? Yeah, wait," Aikuro pulled out the glove compartment on Ryuko's side and dug out a box of panadol from a sea of trash, "I hope this hasn't expired…"

"Oh c'mon! You could have be extra prepared for all sorts of problems during your long ass trips, doesn't the army teach you?!" Ryuko hollered.

Aikuro sweats nervously, "oh my bad, I am usually healthy mentally and physically."

"So, are you going to make an effort to change?"

"Uh yeah, Ma'am."

Ryuko popped the pill into her mouth and gulped it. She went back to sleep real quick.

02:45, Nudist Beach Base, Osaka

The duo stride into the secret entrance of the secret army base with authority. The Nudist Beach officer slides his card on the card scanner and was granted access to the base. Eventually the metal door opened for them.

The duo was then welcomed by two rows of Nudist Beach officers and the soldier had never felt that much gratitude from other people. In response to the overwhelming "thank you so much" talks, she blushed brightly as she cupped her mouth in embarrassment.

The officer observed the soldier's flushed red face, he spoke to her, "Matoi, your dad had waited for the entire day just to welcome you back. Treat him with the utmost respect, he's a very important person."

The soldier darted back the officer, "so, you're telling me that shabby man was the highest rank officer in this army force eh? I don't really feel like respecting someone who never care about my wellbeing," she spouted cold words.

"Just… Do me this favour to not let him ramble batshit," he prayed.

"Alright, Mr Mikisugi," she accepted the favour.

"Sir Matoi, your daughter has arrived," Aikuro greeted the mad scientist with a vow.

Subsequently, he bat his eyes on Ryuko - who was still standing after his vow.

"Greet him!" He whimpled to the delinquent.

To no avail, Ryuko still stood.

The scientist turned to his flesh and blood, "ah, sweet Ryuko~ how are you doing in the army?"

To which, she responds, "not lookin' good."

"I know the national army sucked, even their highly admirable navy force couldn't stop the tyrant of the Kiryuins! I lost the respect and I despised the government's doing in losing the Bushido!" Isshin ranted.

"Well, I can't help you too much. Revocs have game changing technology and high budgets hence we lost against them, not only us but the Superpowers as well," Ryuko felt sickish to stand through her insane father's rambles as what Aikuro had told her.

"They could have invite us to the war earlier on! I could help in aiding them with my Revocs tier weapons! Life fibers! That's how Revocs won the war, but they haven't won a hundred percent," Isshin went eccentric as he fists the air with such optimism.

"But you didn't let them know you guys earlier on…"

"I can't do much but I have a set of weapons made just for you. You are my pawn in destroying Revocs wholly, and those weapons can be only use by you because I splice your dna in it."

Ryuko backed in disgust, "when you ever gotten my dna samples?!"

"When you were younger, I had some hair samples hence I had 'em," Isshin smirked.

"But why me destroying Revocs?" Ryuko sputtered in frustration as a return. She was already done with the world, she had no faith on her kinds, she saw no hopes in saving the world.

"Because life fibers only accepted young Homo Saipans to fully adapt and fuse with in terms of living!"

"So this is the lame excuse of using me to beat the Revocs' ass with the dumb clothings they use too?!"

The tension between the father and daughter grew.

The father quietened himself back to his reclusive self.

The daughter felt sour and left the room without notice.

The officer followed the daughter.

The father quietly blamed himself for the thorns in his angrish rambles that poked his daughter's wound.

She retreated to a cold rice field a few hundred steps away from the army base. She felt the world could not comprehend her struggles. She just wanted a carring family but she got a dysfunctional family instead. She wanted a good friend but she got nothing. She found no meanings in life.

Aikuro followed her for the entire walk, he convinced his new found soldier to give the world a second chance.

"Ryuko, I know your dad is a creep but hey he was right by a bit."

"He's right by what reasons? Weaponising our enemies' tools against them with their tools?! That's not how you morally fight a war for good cause - that is winning a war for your own interest," Ryuko stared at Aikuro blankly from her tired eyes.

Aikuro blinked, paying attention to Ryuko's gear shaped pupils and her puff eyebags, "you looked real tired for this world. Come, I bring you to a bunker to rest."

05:55, Kiryuin Manor, Hounoji City

The Dictator sat at her snow white state-of-the-art chair, with her cup of black tea on hand, she sipped.

Her personal butler, ***Mitsuzo Soroi*** , walked up to Satsuki with a bulky, yet antique dial phone on a trolley.

The Dictator glanced at Soroi, asked, "A call?"

To whom he replied, "yes, an important call," he lifted the handset off the body.

"Hello?"

A husky voice was heard, "Lady Satsuki, we had successfully invaded Nagoya."

The Dictator smiled, "thank you, Sanageyama. Don't forget to rest after your invasion," she hung up the call with a devilish grin.

"So?" Soroi questioned.

"Sanageyama invaded Nagoya - which is a metropolitan and it means that more army employments and greater government control."

Soroi had nothing to add on but to applaud his milady.

-=To be continued=-

Phew!

Finally I had completed my first fanfiction, don't forget to hit favourite and send feedback about it!

The second chapter is still under progress so I may upload the second chapter some days.

And Never Say Goodbye

09:00, Dotonbori, Osaka

"Mr Takarada hasn't shown up, Gamagori," a voice was heard from an intercom in an army carrier.

"When will this bastard show up? Inumuta, you got to be on point for this mission since it is crucial to take over Osaka for now," Gamagori yaps, "the looks of Lady Satsuki would not be satisfied if we couldn't annex Osaka after we had annexed many countries in our life!"

"Gamagori, hold on for a moment," Houka Inumuta, the Elite Four's scout tried to break through the rigid firewall of the Takarada cooperation's servers with his super infused life fiber computer.

Then, a beep was heard from the radar of Gamagori's carrier.

"Looks like he had arrived," Inumuta was not surprised of such news.

"I got to go for now, see you Inumuta," Gamagori left his desert themed carrier by the backdoor and took his rocket launcher with him.

He was met with a golden gigantic crab mecha - embroidered with the Takarada name on, it was the man himself.

"I have been waiting for decades for your ass to come down here to meet in person… Tell me, what kind of a businessman avoids his business meeting?" Gamagori mocked the businessman.

"I have no time to answer your question since this ain't a conference!" The irritated Takarada shot a couple missiles at his rival.

As Gamagori was engulfed by the explosions and smokes, Takarada assumed that his enemy was dead. Until, he saw a figure standing

erect in the black clouds and fumes.

Takarada yelped, "I THOUGHT YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE THE POISONOUS CHEMICAL FUMES MADE BY MY TOP CHEMISTS AT MY LABORATORY?!"

Gamagori swiped away the dirts on his shoulder, he donned the Three-Star marked Goku Army Uniform with pride and a smile plastered on his face.

"Well, what can you say about the indestructible Goku Uniform I've got from Lady Satsuki?" Gamagori snickered.

Takarada was speechless, "well, nothing…"

"Oh, I forgot to show you how cool my new uniform is to your big mecha!" Gamagori bellowed a phrase: " ***SHACKLE REGALIA*** !"

As a bright flash was formed from his uniform, he underwent a transformation scene and became a Iron Man like armour with bandages wrapped around his iron-like body.

"… Oh, is that your Uncle's new armour?" Takarada resorted to buying some time by having a cool-down conversation with the Iron Man before he got his mecha jeopardised with an upper-cut to the mecha abdomen.

The mecha flew so high up in the skies and took forever to fall to ground.

Gamagori replied to the senseless question: "no but internally I still had my uncle's steel armour on."

09:10, Kiryuin Manor secret base (basement floor)

"Out of the forty seven prefactures in Japan, we annexed thirty six prefactures - which is an impressive feat in this six months…" A monotonous voice belonging to Shiro Iori, a scientist of the Dictator but also the nephew of the Dictator's only loyal butler, Mitsuzo Soroi.

The Dictator accepted the early victory of overtaking almost the whole of Japan, with a remark, "impressive… But we haven't invade the big cities yet and at the same time, to find Nudist Beach."

"Nudist Beach? Are we actually finding them?" Shiro questioned his milady's action.

"Yes, their leader was an ex-employee of Revocs. Not your typical ex-employee but a high-rank employee who did worked closely with my mother, but we could not let a traitor help the enemy. There are many secrets we cannot unveil to the public because of the pledge my family did to the life fibers," Satsuki took a stroll around the spacious control room. Her tone sounded flat - she was fatigued of helping her mother to do the job.

Soroi entered the control room, asking if anyone would want a cup of tea, Shiro requested one for his childhood friend.

"Lady Satsuki, you exhausted?" He empathised to his only close friend.

Satsuki walked back to her grand white chair, replied, "no, I can't call it a quit right now. I had a bad feeling that the Nudists are going to use to weapon to go against us…"

Shiro read her mind, "don't tell me that they had a Kamui…"

Satsuki furrowed, sounding weak, "yes, without a doubt. But rest assured, I have one too."

Shiro widened his eyes and pulled his friend's long sleeved army uniform, "no, you still can't. For the meantime, I can help you modify the Kamui to your needs. I did read about the anatomy of a Kamui and they can be aggressive if not tweaked to the user's body… Therefore I needed to fix the Kamui a bit for your body and would you mind my tailors to measure your body and take blood samples of you?"

"Sure, as long as I can beat the Nudist with the superior Kamui," Satsuki smirked devilishly.

11:00, Nudist Beach Base, Osaka

"Where's Matoi?" Aikuro asked an Army General, he had searched for the soldier he found for three hours straight.

"The new recruit? Nah, she is still sleeping in her bunk," the General raised his eyebrows, "I heard she don't take orders back in my army days with her… So don't bother finding her."

"But Sir Matoi commands her to come back for her weapon testing! She will play a key role in defeating Revocs as what Sir has predicted…"

"Sir is deillusional, I don't believe a stray soldier would be willing to commit for his or her own country! If she went AWOL, then she don't deserve to be a part of us."

Aikuro did not wished to drag the argument further and moved onto other officers in aid of finding Ryuko.

One soldier in particular knew where she went: she robbed one of the military motorcycles away and rode it far away from the base. He led Aikuro to the parking lot and pointed at the direction on where she left - to the East direction.

Aikuro thanked the soldier and drove his car to the direction.

16:45, Japanese Army Memorial, Tokyo

"

Your body may be gone, I'm going to carry you in

In my head, in my heart, in my soul

And maybe we'll get lucky and we'll both live again

Well, I don't know, I don't know

I don't know, don't think so…

"

The despair girl soldier was singing songs with an acoustic guitar to her lost friend in front of a marble slab tomb. She was trying to send a message to her friend that she missed the days together so much that she felt it heavy to shoulder around. She told to the tomb that her foster family did not accept her sudden disappearance, she wrongfully admitted she was in the wrong. She spouted her regrets to the tomb and choked on her sorrows occasionally.

The tomb ignored her presence and slept through the vents from her pathetic friend.

The heartbroken expected a pat on her shoulder for the pity she got but she was treated to none but cold touches on her uniform by the unfriendly wind.

The tomb never gotten any blessings from her supposed family members or "friends" from schools and platoons.

Only one showed up.

She didn't like it.

Why you?

The lone soldier stopped her mini concert, thinking that her friend did not appreciate the zest she tried to ooze from her empty vessel. She left the tomb and went to a near-by vending machine - which was near a moderately sized shrine. She got her can of carbonated soda and a elderly lady crosses her.

"Girl, what are you doing in a place like this?" The lady asked the soldier warmly.

The soldier popped open the cold soda can, muttered, "meeting my friend."

"What kind of friend?"

The soldier shifted her focus to her soda can on her laps as they sat on a wooden bench, a tad reluctant to say, she pushed herself to speak.

"A lost one, I missed her so dearly…" She somberly said it soft.

The lady read her expressions, empathising her with a smile, "I know that losing a love one is a huge blow, my darling. I lost my husband from cancer, but before he leave the world, he told me to not fret about him and think about the happy moments I had. So, you should thank your friend for the brief happy moments and not be sadden over the loss of it. Be hopeful of more, I believe that you will be happy once again."

The soldier chugged her tears and wiped her moist mouth, clearing her throat, "I am trying to accept it but it kept coming back, haunting me altogether. I keep getting surreal nightmares and flashbacks from doing things relating to the war… But I will try to get over it…"

The soldier hesitantly made contact with the lady, thanking her.

The lady refused the gratitude and patted the soldier on her back, "you will be all fine. I prayed to everyone a smooth sailing in their fight against the evil side of forces."

The reassuring smile gave hopes to the soldier - it reminded the soldier of her bestie. She broke down and bear hugged the lady. The lady combed the soldier's hair with her wrinkled hand.

The Sakura trees shed some warm coloured leaves to the lost souls.

19:02, A near-by ramen restaurant, Tokyo

"So, you sang and talked to a tomb?" Aikuro tried to maintain his seriousness to Ryuko.

Ryuko tried to hide that embarrassment she got, stammered, "… nah, I don't. Please don't take that statement true."

"No, I won't laugh. I know that you are all alone, do you really need help?" Aikuro showed concerns to his newfound friend.

"No… I can cope the matter by myself."

"Please don't keep it to yourself, everyone at the base is worried for you, you know? Even if you leave, your dad will be sad for you."

"I told you already that I'm not interested in helping the world, I just want to be reunited with my friend."

A moment of absolute silence conquered over the two, thus both of them ended up slurping their ramens quietly.

22:00, Tomei Expressway, Tokyo

It was a quiet ride until Ryuko woke up from the same exact nightmare she got from the previous car ride and the same exact place.

The look on Aikuro face does not show surprise, "nightmare again?"

Ryuko took shallow breaths before ultimately cooling herself down, "yeah, I hate it."

Her head throbbed badly on her left side of her head, "no, not this migraine again…"

Aikuro dug out the Panadol from the glove compartment with ease. Ryuko snatched it within seconds and popped the drug and swallow it whole.

"Aikuro, this seems to be a reoccurrence. Is it some forgotten memory I've got?"

Aikuro recollected about a similar incident; about Dr Matoi taking his second late daughter on a late night escort from the Revocs headquarter while driving. On his way to the Nudist Beach HQ, several Revocs employees tried to kill Dr Matoi but instead, they killed his second daughter - an unnamed girl by explosives.

Ryuko's nightmare was about her just ramming into another car in a bone-crushing speed and having the car exploded at night.

Aikuro tried to connect the dots between two matters but both had one similarity: both took place at night.

It was a shocking revelation but Dr Matoi warned Aikuro to never reveal the car crash incident to Ryuko for some undisclosed reasons.

Aikuro tried to make his answer as believable as he could without spilling the beans, "well, no. It's some sort of deja vu, eh? I mean have you ever been in a tank before and had similar incident before…"

"Dude, my battalion jolly well know how to properly drive a tank so no."

Aikuro thought: "oh god, how? Should I tell her about Dr Matoi's driving incident and tell her to keep it a secret or keep asking her more questions…"

Aikuro spoke, "well, you know your father had another daughter before?"

"Wait what?"

Aikuro struggled to fabricate the another daughter fact, "well he… I know you are his only child but in fact, you used to have a older

sister who unfortunately died in a car crash with your father. Your father only suffered minor bruise but your sister, she succumbed to her injuries and died."

"How, like if I got a older sister, why would I have a fragment of my dead sister's memories?"

Aikuro knew the very fact that the second daughter was not real - it was a lie to not let the already confused girl to comprehend the Kiryuin family shenanigan.

"I really had no idea why. It's some psychology shit that I never bothered reading it up," Aikuro answered coldly, implying the fact that this was not a good lie.

In factuality, Dr Matoi only had two daughters, the "second daughter" was a decoy to not let people suspect his real second daughter as the actual "second daughter", but as the "third daughter" he made up for his "three daughters backgrounds".

The conversations turned cold as the car progresses to Osaka.

22:45, Transport Helicopter "Akarui", mid-air in Osaka

The noisy propeller sounds engulfed the classical music that the Dictator requested to play.

Alongside the Dictator, she brought her Elites up in the air, briefing for the whole take over of Osaka.

With the plan going on, she brought her Kamui on with her trusted scientist, Shiro. Shiro was there to help prepare for the last touch up of letting the Dictator wear the godrobe.

The Dictator initiated air strikes on Osaka.

Bombs from the Fighter Jets landed onto roads and buildings, disrupting the serene night and peace.

A loudspeaker was heard, "Osaka is surrendered. You pigs in human clothing are now under my rule and under my rule, you shall obey my rule without hesitations. If you hesitate, I shall place you in one of the many concentration camps nationwide!"

Gamagori came forward to the Dictator, "Milady, I had captured the Takaradas. We are now clear of the enemies."

"Good. We had cut off the main fundraiser of the Nudist pigs, so that we have the advantage to win them," the Dictator compliments her loyal Elite, "now we need to find Isshin Matoi."

22:46, Nudist Beach HQ, Osaka

"Sir! I have an emergency message to you," an army General vowed to Dr Matoi.

"What is it?"

"Revocs had taken over Osaka and are now finding for us!"

"Time to escort to the Tokyo branch."

The whole of Nudist Beach escorted out of their Osaka HQ by land with transportations.

22:47, Osaka exit of Meishin Expressway

Aikuro's phone rang, he picked it up.

"Sir, we are now on the way to the Tokyo HQ and please, turn off your mobile data for now because Revocs are after us and had took over the whole Osaka!"

"Fuck!" Aikuro shocked, he hung up the call and told Ryuko about the whole Osaka situation.

They are detouring to Tokyo.

22:48, Transport Helicopter "Akarui", Osaka

"The Nudists are leaving their HQ, Lady Satsuki, what do you think?" The scout, Inumuta suggested about the second thought of their enemy escaping.

Satsuki, sat on her iconic steel chair and drinking her cup of red tea, gave in attention to her friend, "no worries, Inumuta. I had arranged a platoon to handle this situation, for now, we have to focus on Osaka solely."

The scout sighed with relief, "I'm glad."

23:34, Tomei Expressway, Nagoya

Typical smooth car ride; nothing much to say.

Aikuro drove his car at speeds above the advised speed limit. Aikruo felt guilty for overspeeding as firstly, he had to rush to the HQ and secondly, he did not want to invoke the traumatic deja vu to Ryuko as she subnconsciously experienced the car crash when she was a baby.

It was a terrible feeling in his stomach as his stomach kept swirling.

Until a platoon blocked the expressway with a tank.

Aikuro managed to step brake and drift a full u-turn before zooming towards the other direction - back to Osaka.

"Why are they blocking the road?" Aikuro questions himself.

Ryuko woke up from her slumbering, "what the hell happened, Aikuro Mikisugi?"

"Oh uh, sorry for the sudden sharp turn. There's a tank blocking the way to Tokyo so I'm taking a detour."

"Then, now what?"

"Take the alternative route. It will be the longer and safer route to go but it will takes us a day to reach."

"If this is the only choice, then be it."

As the car dashes, another tank moving at snail pace is partially blocking the road. Aikuro hit the acceleration pedal twice and making pass the tank. Now, he needed to exit the Expressway before reaching Osaka again.

Ryuko rolled down the window and ducked out her head, looking at the back. She witness the two tanks' turret were facing towards them, she called out Aikuro to cautiously steer away from potential bullets while scanning out for the possibilities of where the bullets will land.

The tank in the Tokyo direction blasted its bullet and it hits the railings and dirts in the Expressway, with minor earthquakes in effect.

Luckily, the car avoided this shot.

The tank in the Osaka direction aimed the bullet at the blue car directly, Ryuko commanded the car to be steered to the side swiftly as Aikuro did so.

They avoided it again.

"Phew, you made it!" Ryuko cheered.

"Don't celebrate too early, Matoi," Aikuro said gravely as butterflies in his stomach fluttered, anxiety reached all-time high for a possible car

crash until his phone rang again.

He picks up and heard an assuring voice, "hey, I know you are stuck in the expressway but we got a secret underground road, y'know? Drive on the left lane and eventually an entrance to the secret underground road will emerge from the road."

"Ok," Aikuro's mood had swung from anxious to cool. He step on the accelerate pedal and steered to his left - an entrance emerged from below and his car dashes straight and the entrance shut sealed immediately.

A platoon chased the car and missed the entrance, one cursed, "dammit, we lost 'em! Inform Milady about the secret underground, Sir."

23:38, secret underground towards Nudist Beach HQ Tokyo branch, below Tomei Expressway, Nagoya

"Wowsers, can't believe you guys have planned perfectly for such situation!" Ryuko was amazed about the whole secret network by Nudist Beach.

"You have to thank the Takaradas for funding such projects, or else we might have stuck in that situation like just now…" Aikuro wiped his sweat beads on his face.

"So, how long will this takes to reach to Tokyo?"

"Much shorter than the alternative route I planned before."

"Oh cool."

Aikuro pondered for a moment before returning to the conversations, "is it inappropriate for me to ask you personal questions, Matoi?"

Ryuko took a breather and sighed, "nah, my late friend used to do this to me all the time, like she's my only therapist and I just spew out my grievance and anguish and she just accepted it, no matter

how extreme it is. Yeah, I lost her because of my fault of being selfish in protecting myself," her voice turned brittle as she hit herself on her lap with her leather fist.

Aikuro blinked solemnly, "I understood you, I was in that place before. I lost a close friend of mine: it was a she, she was my girlfriend and she changed my life for the better. Before meeting her, I was the edgy guy who just acts cool and didn't give a care about the people around me. Until an experiment revolved around Kamuis or as in layman's term, godrobes; she died wearing one and it was a huge blow to me. I got over the grief about half a year, sorta hard with her younger brother, whom was also my best friend. I'm glad that I've met her once, she was a guardian angel," Aikuro tried to not break down to an already grieved girl.

"So, you're telling me that no matter how sad it is, I have to move on?" Ryuko's voice turned wary.

"Yes, this is life. Life is about moving on and if you are stuck in that moment, you can never progress and no progress means the whole world will be under Revocs' control."

"Yeah, people told me the same exact advice and tell me, how to move on from a heart break?"

"Find something to distract from, the usual stuffs, or go talk to a friend."

"I had lost everything and my only friend," her voice turned sorrowful.

Aikuro tried to raise hope in lifting the poor girl's spirit, "I bet your dad have something in store for you to be happy about."

Ryuko had no words to comment about her uncaring dad.

"He made a Kamui especially for you, he wants to keep you accompany in the war," Aikuro raised his tone to positive.

"Don't tell me those are made out of Life Fibers…"

"Yes, unfortunately, I know it goes against your 'no Life Fibers' rule but this is the only way to win against Revocs. A head-to-head challenge."

"Ok but especially the 'keep you accompany in the war', what does it means? Those clothes are alive?"

"Ah yes, the Kamuis are unique in some ways. Kamuis' voices can only be heard by the wearer, so you got a buddy in you at all times and discussing secret plans will be much easier than finding a hiding spot and talk about it. The most unique part about them is the raw power in them, that power is equivalent of a god, hence the name 'Kamui'."

"Oh cool."

"I forget to mention that in order to become powerful, you have to be one with your Kamui and go through that obligatory shojo transformation - your dad's into stuffs like this… I can't make this up."

"Wait what?"

"Yeah, I'm not joking. He even incorporates the shojo stuffs into those theories where one with more skin exposed are the one gaining the most control out of their clothes."

"God, I can't believe I have to expose my skin to wear my clothes."

"But it also means feeling naked and lighter with your Kamui on."

"Feeling naked? Cool, that did be much lighter than my army uniform."

"That's for transformation, for non-transformation mode, you are still wearing an army uniform, get it?"

"Yeah."

23:50, Transport Helicopter "Akarui", Osaka

"Milady, this just came in," Inamuta reported to the Dictator, "the Nudists have fled to Tokyo successfully via hidden undergrounds."

"How smart are they…" Satsuki stroked her chin, "Inamuta, I need you to seize the whereabouts of the undergrounds from the Takaradas and we can just straight up infiltrate their Tokyo Base. Hence, we succeed the Nudist in dominating the whole of Japan or even the world."

"Yes, Lady Satsuki," Inamuta pledged to carry out the questionnaire to the Takarada family.

"At any moments, they are just going to lose drastically without their secret undergrounds," Satsuki snickered.

00:30, Nudist Beach HQ (Tokyo Branch), Tokyo Bay

The blue car had reached its destination. The two figures were accepted into the secret place and were admitted straight to the meeting with the head.

"You two, I'm glad you guys are safe," Isshin shifted his focus to her dear daughter, "Ryuko, how's today?"

"Alright," she replied dead, uninterested in the war matters.

"Glad to hear," Isshin shifted his focus to Aikuro once again, "Mikisugi, now we need to initiate a plan on going out of this base as Revocs knew about the secret underground tunnels and they can just pop up from those, meaning we all surrender to them."

"Initiate a plan? Why not we take the Naked Dagger ship and just leave this base?" Aikuro felt in a pinch.

"The Naked Dagger isn't fully built since its funds got halfway cut by the Takaradas to save themselves from being bankrupt in the recent economic downturn."

"So, why can't you simply send ship engineers and mechanics to continue building them?"

"They were limited in number and recruiting them while in war is not advisable as we have to do those long interviews on finding out what person are they and etcetera…"

"No," Aikuro slammed the table, "you can just get them on board the project and keep them for emergency uses when we have machineries breaking down!"

Isshin scratched his scalp in frustration, "I'm sorry for such terrible planning, but those recruitments, they are costly and I needed those to fund for my daughter's Kamui project."

"The Kamui project can just be postponed!"

"Revocs has them! We need to stop them with their technologies to win this game of chess!"

"Can y'all just stop blabbing and get straight to the point?!" Ryuko irrationally bellowed at two high ranking officers, "the war is like a time bomb and if you don't get it plan asap, y'all gonna die real quick. If we got the same key as the enemy, why won't we just squeeze in with them and get for the goal, meaning that winning this game of chess?"

"So, how about our remaining manpowers, Ryuko?" Aikuro shot a hard-bitten question towards Ryuko.

"Aren't they men of steel? I bet they can survive the fight against Revocs, I surely believe in them no matter how high the odds of surviving this wave of possible attack," Ryuko smirk with her clenched fist thumping.

Aikuro remained silent for awhile, then back up with an assuring reply, "yeah, you're right. The soldiers are surely heroic for serving their nations despite the difficulties."

Ryuko nodded with a genuine smile, plastered on her worn-out face.

"My Ryuko, I need you to start wearing the Kamui," Isshin handed a suitcase to his daughter, "also one half of the rending scissor blade. I kept one for self-defense and if I die, find the culprit with my other half scissor blade."

Ryuko was aghast, "father, is somebody after you all the time?"

Isshin nodded without hesitations, "keep me a promise, just don't lose your way," he smiled the last time and placed all of his trust towards his daughter, "wear the Kamui, befriend the Kamui and overthrow the Kiryuins. You're a big girl, I believe you can do this," Isshin subsequently spoke to Aikuro, "Mikisugi, I need to retrench myself from the enemy right now so during this entire war, try to minimise contact with me, ok?"

Aikuro accepted the request and sent his goodbye to his leader, "stay safe, Matoi," he saluted.

Ryuko stood atone, deciding on which path she should take - she decided to wear the Kamui. She took the suitcase and the scissor blade, bid farewell to her father.

They were separated.

Isshin being alone again, fled to isolation from the Nudists and became unheard of in the majority of the war.

But for his daughter, she shall carry on the legacy of her father with his bioengineered uniform - the Kamui.

Finally I finished chapter two and man, I would never know that writing an alternate universe would be that hard - coming from a newbie.

I've toned down the contents of this chapter and spent more time on deciding what stuffs should I put into this chapter to not make it bloated as " *holy shit, four thousand words for this chapter!"*

Chapter three is still on the process of composing as for now, I have hard time progressing the story further but I will keep typing it to this fanfic's completion!

Stay tune!

DYLE

I Want To Know The Truth

00:30, Transport Helicopter "Akarui", Tokyo

"Lady Satsuki, your Kamui is ready for you," Shiro presented Satsuki's Kamui on a frame.

" **Junketsu**… I hope mother won't hate me for this since this is the only way to win against the Nudists," Satsuki clenched her fists as she received her Kamui.

"For now, I added tranquilizers on Junketsu so that you can have better control over him as he's such a beast to wear with. So, do wear him with caution," Shiro sternly spoke.

"Understandable, I will now wear him," Satsuki stripped herself naked as she slit one of her fingers opened with her katana.

Blood dripped on the pleasant white uniform. The devil eyes of the uniform widened and sprung towards his wearer.

The wearer struggled to stand, she crouched as the uniform ate her whole.

"Milady, do you need a li-"

"No, Shiro," Satsuki ascended from her trauma, "I'm finally one with the god…"

Satsuki began to levitate from the steel cold floor.

"God… Godrobe **Junketsu**…" Shiro stammered as he vowed to his leader in the Kamui - making her the god and the one with the enlightened knowledge as light emitted from her Kamui.

The Kamui covered Satsuki's body partially, leaving her stomach area exposed. Most of her body parts were clothed with white

synthetic fabric and blue stripes running around her arms, legs and chest.

00:45, Nudist Beach HQ (Tokyo Branch), Tokyo Bay

The two officers decided that the entire army must stay in the Tokyo base as to reduce fatalities in the army population from Revocs.

Both have little prior experience on strategising - higher ranking officers occasionally help out with sorting out which platoon counterattack the enemy's platoon and fulfilling the main goal: slow down the enemy's full takeover in Osaka.

With the lack of sufficient manpower, all they could do was to stand by at the base and defend themselves for the meantime of receiving more manpower from the support of the global superpowers.

With the Kamui in the suitcase and the scissor blade, Ryuko securely handed over to Aikuro for safekeeping. She had no choice but to defend her father's base - no, her sole outpost. She had raised invisible white flags in the past by disobeying the officers' orders, doing silly things and isolating. She could not foil her father's last order because she could not afford to lose someone again. She promised herself to not lose someone.

Aikuro warned a friend of his to stay put from Revocs over the phone.

The base started to vibrate metallic sounds.

"They are coming!" Yelped a soldier.

Aikuro walked towards Ryuko, grabbed ahold of her shoulders, "Matoi, you need to wear the Kamui right now. My friend told me that the Dictator herself now wears a Kamui so it did be fair to wear it now."

Ryuko blinked, "wear now? You're kidding me-"

Aikuro shoved the suitcase and the scissor blade back to Ryuko, shifted his tone to firm, "I'm not. Now go to a bunker and change up!"

Ryuko then diverted her attention to the fallen scissor blade and the suitcase on her hands, "ok," she marched out.

"Wait, I have one more thing to tell you!" Aikuro grabbed Ryuko by the shoulders, "you need to draw out blood to the Kamui if you want to power up!"

"So, I should?"

"Keep it for emergency. The Kamui might be able to suck your blood dry, which is a danger since we are running out of bags of blood. There's a glove for you to give blood to your Kamui so just follow the instructions on the suitcase, ok?"

Ryuko nodded and left the scene.

The base started to withstand the loud bangings from outside the metal door.

Aikuro cursed under his breath, "Ryuko, you gotta be quick."

00:50, Tunnel outside Nudist Beach HQ (Tokyo branch), Tokyo Bay

A group of tanks huddled in front of the study metal doors of the opponents.

Satsuki and the Elite Four strolled around the claustrophobic spaces in between the tanks.

"Lady Satsuki, I apologise for the inconveniences made by my armies," Gamagori vowed to his leader.

"You need not to apologise for such small inconvenience, Gamagori," Satsuki dismissed the small matter with a genuine smile as she continued to parade the road with her prideful sentient uniform - the Kamui. With audible heel clicks, the fear awaits for the Nudists.

00:56, Nudist Beach Bunker, Nudist Beach HQ (Tokyo branch), Tokyo Bay

Ryuko unlocked the suitcase and was greeted with an opened eye and an black eye patch - reminiscent to her father and its navy blue fabric and delft blue body amour.

The sentient army suit. No, the Kamui as her father inferred, Godrobe.

In the suitcase, there was the ruby red glove that Aikuro fore mentioned. Ryuko lifted the glove and wore it, it fitted. All thanks to her father's tailorship, the uniform too was a perfect fit. Ryuko stuffed the suitcase with her old torn uniform, locked it and left it in the bunker. She slammed open the door of the bunker and scuttled through the halls, reverberating the steps. Ryuko pulled and plucked the pick of her red yoyo glove, as her blood started flowing through her uniform, the uniform sprung out of Ryuko and devour her into him. Ryuko shrieked in help.

The uniform shushed his wearer with his sleeve arm on her lip, "I'm sorry if I'm a bit awkward to you, who are you?"

Ryuko was stunned by the abrupt friendliness of the uniform and the gruff voice, "ummm… Matoi Ryuko. You?"

"Matoi… The name rings a bell to me and I literally have no name-"

Ryuko trots her collection of words in her head, "How about I name you ***'Senketsu'*** ?"

" ***'Senketsu'*** ? What does it means?"

" 'Fresh Blood', you awoke by my blood, you know?"

The uniform took time to process the name, " 'Senketsu'… It made sense."

"Yeah. Quick, dress me up and I need to fight the enemy because my army is in a pinch right now," Ryuko snagged Senketsu from the ground and wore him.

"Wait, are we in the middle of a war?"

"Yes, I got no time to waste. I promised my dad to protect this base."

"Your dad? Is he that old geezer with white hair and eye patch on his left eye?"

"Yeah, how you know him?"

"I was half conscious during my creation, he created me and told me my main objective is to aid you through this war."

"I see, Senketsu, can you transform me?"

"Tranform what?"

"Into a super suit, you're a Kamui, remember?"

"Oh, I forgot about but here we go," both of them engulfed in a light red light.

1:00, Nudist Beach HQ (Tokyo branch), Tokyo Bay

The door and shutters got shattered into many pieces by a Demigod. Her unbreakable katana was stronger than a carbon steel, shattering the steel doors was a possible feat to her. Is she the one with god or not?

This sounds like a disarray, The Demigod uttered in her mind as she swaggered her way in the astronomical alloy hallway. The soldiers all rammed into the Demigod but all flung away from an airburst the Demigod created. She faced little to no resistance on her way to the base.

"You pigs in army clothing, you are no match for Junketsu!" The Demigod bellowed as her heels click amplified in the hallway.

Aikruo stared at Satsuki with dread.

"Ah, Sir Mikisugi Aikuro, nice to meet you again," the Dictator smiled as she unsheathed Bakuzan, "would you like joining your love in hell?"

Aikuro froze, he sullenly replied, "no, the person that should go to hell is you, Kiryuin Satsuki," he whipped out his pistol.

"You are talking to a god here, Mikisugi. Show some respect to my family!" Satsuki charged at Aikuro.

Aikuro took several seconds to decide if he would fight or fly or die. "Alright, I chose to die!" Aikuro shut his eyes shut, in hope of reuniting with his late love interest in hell.

Then, a loud raspy voice came.

"KIRYUIN SATSUKI!"

Satsuki stop dead on her tracks, the voice made her jumped slightly.

The other demigod bore a navy blue overall with one eye and an eyepatch on her body amour and a modern looking army delft blue helmet with army goggle, complete with red stripes around the linings and edges of the helmet.

"Oh it's you, the daughter of Matoi Isshin, Matoi Ryuko and with that god awful uniform," Satsuki snickered.

" *'God awful uniform'* ?! " Senketsu was offended.

"Senketsu, she is also referring to herself, don't you see she wore a Kamui?" Ryuko hung her head low to her chest, "that too is a god awful uniform!" Ryuko burst.

Satsuki tried to let the offense soak into her fibers, "you forgot who you're talking to. A god."

"God? What kind of human would boldly claim that title? Also, you don't have the power of a god."

"Then I will show you," Satsuki teleported to Ryuko's back and stomped on her back, sending her flying. Ryuko crash landed on a alloy ceiling, struggling to get up, Satsuki flew toward Ryuko and caused a huge superficial explosion in the base. The explosion also caused some pieces of metal and dirt to crumble by the strong vibrations of the base.

Ryuko and Satsuki dug deeper away from the base, leading to less oxygenated area which both would suffocate eventually.

"Do you witness the power of a god, Matoi Ryuko?!" Satsuki fisted Ryuko's abdomen as Ryuko became the drill that will pierce the hell.

"Ryuko, you gotta do something!" Senketsu muttered to his wearer.

Ryuko was half conscious to answer Senketsu from the drillings.

Subsequently, a huge ray of neon ruby light flashed from the uniform and exploded the ground - making a whopping hole out of the middle of a rice field. Both figures flung outwards and landed on distant rice fields nearby the hole.

Fortunately for Senketsu's wearer, they managed to land on both feet. The uniform's eyes kept darting up to his wearer as she is still unconscious from the blow. He decided to take full control of the

body and eventually ran into a shed. The uniform tried to give his wearer some needed rest from the Demigod.

"Ryuko, you gotta wake up, I can't keep you in here any longer," Senketsu hummed to his wearer as he glance on all directions.

Two years ago

08:02, Shiretoko National Park, Hokkaido

" ***RYUUUKOOOO!*** " A coconut hair girl was launched towards a red streak girl and fell on the dirt ground.

"Mako! You shouldn't raise your voice when no one is here because there is a possibility that our enemies are hiding in the bushes, get it?" The red streak girl yanked the coconut hair girl and issued a warning her bestie, with her index finger raised and shook.

"I understand, but why can't we eat here? I'm hungry!"

"We can't just simply take a break-"

"Ok Sergeant."

"Yeah, Private. Take orders from me for now since we don't have any further instructions from our General."

Both of them took a stroll in the tall trenches painstakingly dug for the soldiers by the volunteering citizens in the bewitching greeneries of the park.

Too bad, it had to be ruined by the bloodshed. The park was appallingly decorated with blood and corpses of the army. But the two soldiers does not mind the grotesque background.

As they walked into an immense river, they gazed at the clear water - seeing their dusted selves from the despicable war.

Ryuko peered at herself on the river reflection, thoughts overflowed on how terrible her decision was to settle into a colossal problem.

Mako snapped at Ryuko, pointed towards a mountain, "look at this! Why not we head there?"

Ryuko shook her head, "man, I'm dead tired, y'know? It gonna take a huge toll on my energy…"

"Oh c'mon! Climb up the mountain! That's a rare opportunity, don't you think, Ryuko?" Mako yanked Ryuko's left arm and go north towards the mountain.

It took them a half day to reach the summit of the small mountain.

Mako hopped with joy while Ryuko took a glance at the green park at top view.

Mako yawned, "man, it's so exhausting! Why not we camp here, Ryuko?"

Ryuko jumped surprise from her blank stare, "camp? But it'd be a hassle to unpack the tent!"

"Then we sleep without the tent!" Mako unwrapped her sleeping bag and laid the bed on the rough rocks.

Ryuko stared at her dumbfounded, before eventually setting down to sleep with her bestie.

As they met the night, they witness stars blinking brightly but one caught their stargazing - a shooting star.

"Ryuko, you know what this shooting star represents?" Mako smacked Ryuko's back asudden as she pointed the skies.

"No."

"You."

"Why me?" Ryuko flattered.

"Take your kanji name," Mako took out an army knife and carved Ryuko's kanji and added an arrow and a 'star' in kanji form in between her two characters, " 'Meteor Child', you are like a meteor to me. You just shot out of the skies and bam! I've got a friend!"

Ryuko giggled, "I see, never thought about this anyways. I always thought my name meant 'wandering child', which is fucking sad but yeah, this is cool."

"If you ever feel sad, just think yourself as a lucky star flying across the skies in time of crisis!" Mako boasted.

Ryuko beamed, keeping the promise, "alright, I will think it as this way from now onwards!"

Until a voice called her name out clear.

She woke up from the dream, the first thing she saw was her uniform staring at her.

"Finally you've woken up, I'm glad-"

"How did I arrived here?"

"Oh, I brought you here."

"How?"

Senketsu sighed, "I move your body."

"Do I grant you permission to?"

"No, but this is emergency and at any time that threat of yours is coming after you."

Ryuko paused as she heard the grass muffed.

"She's here," she muttered, "and where's my scissor blade?"

"I brought it together with you," Senketsu's right eye flap jerked to the right side of his wearer's body - in which the scissor blade is on the entire time.

Ryuko grasped the cool ruby blade up and swung rounds with her master hand in the finger tang.

"Alright Satsuki, come in," she stopped her spinning blade with her left hand.

Speak of the devil, planks of wood came flying towards Ryuko and Ryuko managed to couch on time before the eventual crash landing. Ryuko got up and saw the self proclaimed god right in front of her.

It was too late, the "God" clutched her hair, disallowing the other party to fight back, she snickered, "Matoi Ryuko… How pathetic that you must be the daughter of an immoral man, who decided to oppose us with his group of naked apes. There is no way in overthrowing the one and only, the KIRYUIN FAMILY!"

Ryuko chuckled, not minding the pain on her pulled scalp, "so, you're implying that I'm a disgrace to society?"

Satsuki smirked, "without a doubt, yes."

"However, it is you and your family who are a disgrace to society! Look at the locals, do they even worship you wholeheartedly? No! They fucking hate your obnoxious eyebrows."

Satsuki held back her laughter, sarcastically replied, "I see that you're jealous of my eyebrows."

"Do I?"

Satsuki shoved Ryuko to the muddied ground, flicking her great hair and a beam of light shone to her from nowhere while laughing it off, "yes you are! With such great eyebrows come greater power and

greater power comes greatest dominance! This is what you need to rule the world: fear!"

Ryuko ascended from the dirt, "and what does fear do in ruling the world? Humiliating your own rep! Like do people respect those dictators in history? No, they don't and they failed worse than those dictatorship and monarchy. And read the world history, when will you ever learn not to repeat the mistake of asserting dominance and creating world war?"

The two clashes each other, momentarily they threw physical and verbal conflicts.

"Those dictators knew what they were doing back then so that I don't call it as humiliation and yes, I know history is a callback to not repeat the same mistakes but this mistake I'm doing is never a mistake. It is more of an improvement over you pathetic human society and I'm reshaping it once I got ahold of Japan."

"Then, what the fuck are you gonna do by reshaping society?"

"Give them the proper mindset to the life fibers and sacrifice them for the fibers' **total submission** ."

" **Total submission** ?"

"As I emphasised **'total submission'**, I really meant it."

"As in-" Ryuko got bombarded by Satsuki's sudden jab on her face and flung away to another rice field.

"If you decided to not play by my rule, prepare to face severe consequences like your naked friends," Satsuki pouched at superhuman length towards her rival.

Ryuko slumped into the solid dirt ground, coughing out the dusts on her nostrils. Her rival gave her a mere moment to react to her next attack, Ryuko decided to stay fidget while facing to the earth.

She discussed a plan to Senketsu.

It took five seconds for Satsuki to reach to her destination. Beneath her was her dead rival, she looks inanimate, she thought.

Until Ryuko caught Satsuki off guard - Ryuko launched herself to Satsuki and hit her on the blunt end of her ruby scissor blade. This gave Ryuko opportunity to hit a devastating blow to the dictator, she called out Senketsu.

"Senketsu, ready?"

Senketsu responded in awe, "alright!"

As the scissor blade extends to certain length, Ryuko screamed, " **SCISSOR BLADE DECAPITATION MODE!** "

The exact blocky font popped out of mid air.

The red blade met the dictator's eyes but stopped midway through the dictator's free fall. Behind the dictator was a deep scar implemented on the ground by the soldier.

Her voice was firm, "I didn't want to kill you actually, but I am requesting for a period of détente right now. This is my easiest request to anyone ever in my army career."

Satsuki blinked at her, smirking, "oh so you threatened me to give you and your naked friends some time to prepare and sustain for the way? Understandable, I will. The next time you want to face me, come back with sufficient manpower, ok?"

Ryuko nodded without hesitations, "and you better not ruin our peace during the détente period, alright? We will come back even stronger to stop your world domination when we officially break our détente period!"

"Then you have to face my elites, good luck Matoi," she hissed as she walked to the void less rice fields.

The victor stood accompanied with her uniform on her body against the gleaming sunrise.

07:47, Nudist Beach HQ (Tokyo Branch), Tokyo Bay

"I would like to congratulate you on your promotion to Sergeant Major on behalf of the General, Matoi," Aikuro handed Ryuko the insignia patches to stitch onto her uniform.

Ryuko accepted the gift, vowing to the officer, "very thanks, Mikisugi. I appreciate it."

"You're welcome, Matoi. I shall discharge you on a temporary leave for a week time for your efforts on diverging Revocs' attack against us," Aikuro stomped his right foot and saluted with his right hand swiftly.

Ryuko smirked, "not only I should deserve this leave, everyone should!"

Everyone at the base cheered on Ryuko. Aikuro gleaned to the crowd, reconsidering his decision before another new decision is made.

"On behalf of Matoi's command, I will now permit everyone on a temporary leave for a week. But before the leave can commence, please help us rebuild our shambled base, please."

Therefore, the soldiers determined to rebuild it with a shout.

Aikuro directed his attention to the newly appointed Sergeant Major, "I like you," he walked out of the stage towards the tunnel entrance.

Before he pulls the door knob, the Sergeant replied, flustered, "I don't even like you."

Aikruo pulled out a sneaky face before leaving the base. He pulled out a radiophone, speaking to his friend again, "Tsumugu, she managed to deterred Satsuki Kiryuin from entering our Tokyo Bay branch base and would you update me on the Osaka branch base's status?"

A croaky voice replied, "under Revocs control as of right now. From my drone, I can see the base being heavily guarded by Revocs soldiers and for now, I'm in my Osaka hideout - which is several kilometers away. I need to warn you that you guys have to switch our radio frequency frequently because Revocs got ahold of our main radio tower as of now."

"So, switching radio frequency at every calling sessions?"

"Without a doubt, yes. I have two important piece of information to tell you: one, don't come to Osaka and second, Dr Matoi had updated me about his current whereabouts, for now, keep it a secret and he wants you to talk to him at 6:35 pm sharp on a disclosed frequency that I will later give you."

"Thanks, Tsumugu. I will see you later."

"Hold on, I have a question."

"What is it?"

"How's the new Sergeant Major on board and what's her name?"

"She's Matoi Ryuko, Dr Matoi's daughter and she's pretty alright at handling our conflicts against Revocs despite her countless AWOL entries."

"Not bad, ain't she? I wish to meet her somedays."

"I will bring you to her soon."

"I see, I got to go now before the Revocs soldiers get ahold of me, bye!"

The signal abruptly cut off.

18:35, Nudist Beach HQ (Tokyo Branch), Tokyo Bay

"Good evening Sir Matoi," Aikuro greeted his leader for the first time in his isolation.

"Good evening Sir Mikisugi, how's the plan's going?"

"Alright, the plan goes well your daughter did the remarkable."

"She *what?* "

"She saved our butts 99.9% - she literally deterred that Kiryuin Dictator out of our Tokyo, or not we could have went into forests for hiding, in which I didn't want to happen."

"Oh I see, seems like the Kamui is working. If so, I'm mass-producing Kamuis to all of the soldiers to combat Revocs."

"Sir, you think this did be viable? Remember the incident where Kinue, Tsumugu's sister died from the experiment? I bet that mass-producing Kamuis would in turn be mass genocide and I would not want to spark more controversies in midst of the war…" Aikuro quavers slightly.

"You fool, Mikisugi. Look at our first successful guinea pig - my daughter has proven that the current model of the Kamui is safe. I know the older models of Kamui are untamed at worst, but I mean, look at my Ryuko's Kamui, it didn't devour her, right?"

Mikisugi was at loss of words after diving into his memory bank, just to dig out his late girlfriend's tragic moment. He tried to not look like the biggest loser in this dead-end conversation with the nut case, he monotonously responded, "true but it is just the beginning, we can't confirm its safety and hazard about this Kamui. I hope that it won't turned out as bad as Kinue's experiment… I fear about another foreshadowing of major casualties - loss of key players in our army."

"Without them, then technology won't advance and so do the life fiber and the war will remain dormant. May I ask what happened to the war?"

"It's a period of détente, your daughter basically stopped the war with a discussion with the Kiryuin Dictator."

"That's insane. Why not you assign some major missions to my daughter to let her gain leadership experience and most importantly, Kamui mastery."

"Yeah sure, I will fulfil your life fiber dream once we get enough manpower in."

"But I have one thing to share with you and it's confidential between the both of us - I'm in the process of making another model of the Kamui but I'm think that this be for the army and I need you to be the guinea pig of the experiment, thanks."

Aikuro mentally taken aback from Sir Matoi's mention of an experiment' which gave him the flashbacks of how Kinue Kinagasse, his then-girlfriend and his best friend's older sister, clearly devoured by the Kamui she wore. When she was on the verge of dying, her last words were: " **continue this experiment.** " This haunted Aikuro internally after he heard of another experiment to be held by Sir Matoi.

Aikuro's mouth was bitter, he retaliated, "no thanks, Sir. I'm apologetically busy with the base for the meantime."

"Alright then, I will make a better one, Aikuro. The next time I will call you is next week, so thanks for the call," Sir Matoi hung up.

Aikuro felt stiff as he was expected of talking to Sir Matoi. He gulp hard, quenching his abrupt dryness in his throat due to his slight anxiety attack from the trauma. He left the office, knowing that the life fiber dream Sir Matoi mentioned, is just the beginning of his orchestrated plans.

Finally I'm done with chapter 3 and as per usual, still thinking of the name of this fanfic but still I can't focus entirely on this fanfic alone because of school and lack of ideas for this. So, for now I have not started on chapter 4 yet so be patient and thanks for reading!

- DLYE